

the right choice by finnmcnamara

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Summary:

“Rich?”

“Yeah, honey?” Stan hears him call from the living room.

“Why does the kitchen smell like death?”

Richie chokes on his coffee.

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Author's Note:

hi!! thank u for clicking on my fic :3 this was .. stressful, because ive just come back to the it fandom and had to rekindle my love for these movies and the characters. and i guess, that started with my love for stozier. i didnt expect these boys to steal my heart, but they did, easily my favourite ship in the fandom.

if you wanna scream about stozier, follow n dm me on instagram @nyhilo !!

some notes about this universe, because i am writing more of these married babies

- stan's suicide ATTEMPT is still canon. he did not succeed in killing himself.

- stan and patty are still very close friends, they ended on good terms

- richie and stan got married very shortly after they killed pennywise

- eddie is now single because fuck myra and an unhealthy marriage we want happiness for that boy

- stan has a lot of internalized homophobia which makes it hard for him to show richie affection and that's KINDA mentioned in this but i didn't explicitly state it was that

- eddie is ALIVE

- beverly and ben are married

- audra and bill are still together!

- i might make an oc wife for mike, not sure? give me some ideas in the comments!

- eddie is gay, might make an oc husband

thats all!

enjoy & tell me what you think :)

“Rich?”

“Yeah, honey?” Stan hears him call from the living room.

“Why does the kitchen smell like death?”

Richie chokes on his coffee.

His attention turns to Stan as he leans against the kitchen door frame, that look of utter disappointment in his eyes that Richie knew all too well. Richie’s all snuggled up in the blanket Stan got him for his last birthday on the couch and it’s only 9AM. The heat is cranked up to a temperature that’d be sweltering in the summer, but it’s a nice lukewarm in the winter. It’s only November and it’s freezing already.

Stan raises an eyebrow when it takes Richie a little while to respond, making a tsking noise and walking over to sit beside Richie on the couch.

Richie takes in a deep breath. “I wanted to make you breakfast but.. You know.” Stan cracks a smile and shakes his head. “You can’t cook, I know.”

He rests his head down on Richie’s knee just for a second, just a little bit of affection a day kept him going. Stan wasn’t one to show it as often as other couples may, but every time it happened Richie treasured it with every second passing. His hand finds itself playing with one of Stan’s curls, just until Stan lifted his head and sat up. “How ‘bout I help you, then we can sit and laugh at your old SNL bits on youtube.”

Richie tries not to show his excitement as Stan walks back to the kitchen.

“As long as I get to follow my sexy ass husband around as he cooks and I can annoy the hell out of him!” Richie calls to the other room and there’s a stifled snicker, a fridge door closing and the clang of cutlery. “Don’t press your luck.” He gets in return, and Richie is abandoning his nest of warmth to join Stan.

Stan is at the counter chopping vegetables and motions to the fridge with his knife aimlessly for Richie to get out the eggs and bacon.

Richie's never been more scared but also turned on in his life.

Richie sets the egg carton beside where Stan was working. The least he could do was cook bacon, right? That couldn't be too hard. Okay, it was hard and he was scared of the stovetop. He settles on separating the bacon and then stands beside his husband as he works. Stan finishes cutting his last onion and then pauses.

There's silence, before Stan massages his temples and turns on the stovetop. Richie chuckles awkwardly and Stan shakes his head, letting the pan heat up as he whisks the eggs in a bowl.

"You know, one of these days, I need to show you how to cook for yourself, because I'm gonna go back to work soon, and you're going to be home alone on certain days." He starts cooking an omelette and Richie didn't even notice him mix the veggies and eggs. Stan turns to him once it's in the pan. "It's good you're here watching for examples."

Richie opens his mouth to speak, but Stan points a finger towards him. "Ordering takeout does not count as cooking for yourself."

"You know me so well."

Richie half expected a snarky comeback, but when he was faced with a kind smile and Stan's gaze looking up at him past his reading glasses and a soft "I know I do." is said in response.

Richie can just press a kiss to one of the scars on Stan's temple, return his smile and hop up onto the counter like he did as a kid, idly playing with the gold band snug around his ring finger on his left hand.

Richie knows he made the right choice.

20 minutes later they're on the couch again, empty plates on the coffee table and Richie's head in Stan's lap. Stan brings up youtube on the TV and finds a compilation of Richie's best SNL skits. Whether he admitted it or not, Stan knew his husband was funny as hell. Every single time he goes to one of Richie's comedy night shows, he can't help but cover his face as he laughs because he knows Richie

will get a kick out of it. Seeing Stan laughing at his jokes in the front row, Richie smiles for the rest of the night.

Halfway through the compilation, Richie's grimacing. "Oh, god. These are from so long ago. Who told me it was a good idea to do my hair like that."

"Didn't you fire that stylist?" Stan asks, looking down at Richie. He gets a snort in return, and a toothy grin. "Hell yeah."

Mornings usually never turned out like this, they either didn't talk much the entire day and ran errands, or Richie has a meeting with his publicist. But since Stan's therapist says it's okay for him to go back to work soon (after his suicide attempt, they didn't know if he'd be stable enough), their routines were bound to change. Stan hadn't been this affectionate since the first month after they got married.

Stan ran his hand through Richie's hair, which is getting far too unruly and greasy for Stan's liking. He has a coffee cup in one hand, preparing to put it down on the side table to the left of him.

The compilation ends and Stan shuts off the TV.

Richie's eyebrows furrow and he turns to look up.

"You know I love you, right?"

"What- Stan? Where is this coming from?" Richie sits up and sideways, leaning against the back of the couch and staring at Stan with a confused expression.

"I don't say it enough. Or show you enough love. I feel bad." Richie takes Stan's hand in his own and sighs.

"Y'know, when people get married they tend to start.. not liking PDA and shit like that but.." He takes in a deep breath. "I guess it's different when you've held your feelings for 27 years and had to kill a fucking monster clown to realize you want to marry your childhood best friend." Richie pauses to think for a second, squeezing Stan's hand. He squeezes back.

"What I'm trying to say.. it might not be easy for you to show how

you feel, might not be easy for me to either- even if I speak before I think majority of the time. But you know I love you no matter what, and I always will.” Richie’s getting choked up and Stan cups his cheek, wiping a single tear that falls with a quick swipe of his thumb. “Rich..” He mutters with a quiet voice, smiling softly as Richie tugs his sleeves back and reveals his scars, pressing a long kiss to each one.

And Stan’s crying, he’s crying and letting fat tears roll down his cheeks and fog up his reading glasses as Richie holds the sides of his head and kisses the scars on his forehead and temples from Pennywise’s attack all those years ago. He’s muttering ‘I love you’ over and over and over again until Stan is sitting in his lap crying into his shoulder and saying it back as many times as he did.

Stan runs his fingers over the gold band on his ring finger, the one matching Richie’s, and he knows he’s made the right choice.